MY FOUR RELIGIOUS TEACHERS

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Philadelphia

Sept. 22, 1903.

MY FOUR RELIGIOUS TEACHERS

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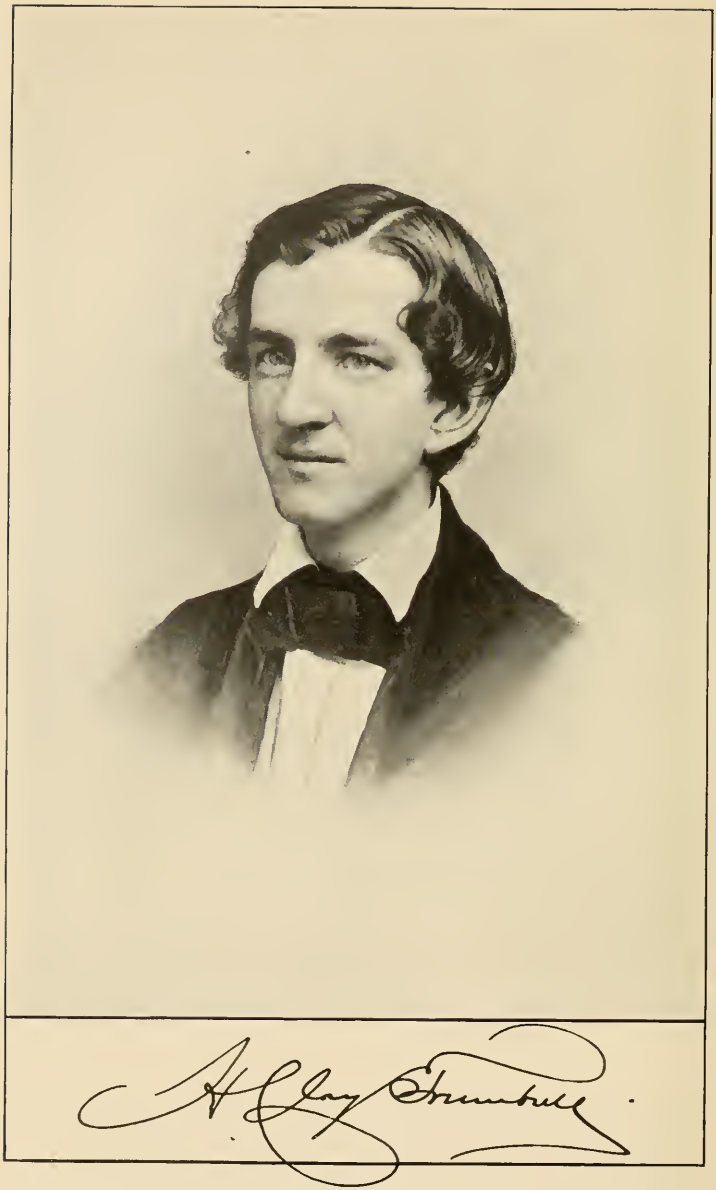

From a daguerreotype of the author, taken in 1853, when he first came under the influence of these teachers

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MY FOUR RELIGIOUS TEACHERS

CHARLES G. FINNEY
DAVID HAWLEY
ELIAS R. BEADLE
HORACE BUSHNELL

BY H. CLAY TRUMBULL

Author of "Kadesh-barnea;" "Oriental Social Life;" "Friendship the Master-Passion;" "The Knightly Soldier;" "War Memories of an Army Chaplain;" "The Blood Covenant;" "The Threshold Covenant;" "Yale Lectures on the Sunday-School;" "Old-Time Student Volunteers," etc.

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PREFACE

In speaking of "my four religious teachers," I have not here included my mother nor my Sunday-school teachers. Yet my earliest religious instruction and impressions were given by them, and to this day I am grateful for the permanent influence of their words and spirit. Neither have I included my earlier pastors, to whom I am permanently indebted.

The four religious teachers of whom I write in this book were men of God under whose instruction and influence I was providentially brought at the time when I was entering on the Christian life, and whose teachings have largely shaped my religious course and modes of thought. Because they were exceptionally strong and excellent men, their power over me has been felt in a more than ordinary degree. And for this leading of God I am profoundly grateful, and am desirous of

bearing testimony to their shaping and influence on my life in God's service.

My mother and grandmother, my Sunday-school teachers, and my early pastors, gave me my primary school teaching and my training in the preparatory school of life. Without this teaching and training I could have profited little from subsequent teachers. The four religious teachers of whom I now tell took me, by God's ordering, under their instruction and influence when I was entering on my active religious life. My course with them served for a university course, and also for a course in the theological seminary.

H. CLAY TRUMBULL.

PHILADELPHIA, *June 8, 1903.*

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PART I

WHO THESE FOUR TEACHERS WERE

I. CHARLES G. FINNEY

When, in the winter of 1851-52, I was a young clerk in the office of the chief engineer of a railroad office in Hartford, Connecticut, away from my family and home, I was won to Christ by a personal letter from a friend in the village of my boyhood. In the providence of God there was, just at that time, a series of revival meetings being conducted in Hartford under the lead of Charles G. Finney, the eminent evangelist. Although up to the hour of my act of Christian decision I had not heard President Finney, nor even been interested enough in the matter to be present at any of his meetings, I at once began attending them, and, as a result, I

received my earliest formal instruction in the Christian life from that remarkable man, and from three others, at a time when I greatly needed guidance.

And I am profoundly grateful to God that I received my first formal religious instruction from this man and in this way. For, in consequence, I was not trained in any recognized school of denominational theology. President Finney had theological views, but they were his own views. He had been trained a lawyer, but he had never been taught in a theological school, nor would he have been approved by any then existing one. He held positive theological views that are called "Calvinistic," and others that are called distinctively "Arminian." Ordinary theologians would say that these two are inconsistent with each other. President Finney had no concern about that. He held both, and he declared both—consistent or inconsistent. He held and declared still other theological views, without asking or thinking how

they were to be reconciled with the labels of any recognized school.

But President Finney won souls to Christ, and was a power for good in this country in his day and generation. Men who heard him were influenced in spirit and in thought. One of the places where his remarkable work was done in his early evangelistic life was in Rome, New York, where Albert Barnes was a young man, and just then preparing for the ministry. Albert Barnes heard Charles G. Finney, and was influenced by him. Because of his preaching some phases of truth to which he was thus influenced, Albert Barnes was called a "heretic" by certain theologians, and the great Presbyterian church in this country was divided over those teachings for a generation. Yet a vast multitude called Albert Barnes a saint, in view of his spirit and his mode of expressing God's truth.

I have always been grateful that my first religious teaching when I had entered

Christ's service was from a teacher who uttered God's truth positively, but in such a way that neither he nor I could be counted of any recognized school of denominational theology. And I have never since been obliged to count myself of any one denomination in strict and conventional theological views.

II. DAVID HAWLEY

Before I had yet connected myself with the church by formal profession, I was led to visit a mission Sunday-school, started only the week before by the Hartford City Missionary Society in one of the rougher portions of the city, at the junction of two of the streets near the river bank. Entering the door of the old building, to find my way through dark passage-ways dimly lighted by candles at noonday, up two flights of rickety stairs to the garret room where the new little mission school was held, I met at the entrance doorway David

Hawley, the city missionary. He was also making his first visit to that Sunday-school, although he had been the means of gathering and starting it. He had not been present the opening Sunday, so he and I first entered the room together. Being unexpectedly chosen superintendent of that new mission school, my first Christian work was done there, under the oversight of David Hawley. And thus I came under the training of my second teacher in the religious life, and my peculiar teacher in active Christian work for souls.

David Hawley, like Charles G. Finney, was anything but a formal theological instructor. He was a layman, but he was a master in applied Christianity. He loved Christ and he loved souls. He knew the souls of sinners, and the Saviour of sinners. From him I learned how to work for souls, and in him I saw the spirit that one should have and manifest in that work. He was a rare man. I know that God meant good to me in bringing me under the example

and influence of this man of God, and I am grateful accordingly.

III. ELIAS R. BEADLE

Just at the time of the great ingathering of souls in Hartford under the preaching of Charles G. Finney, a new church was organized in that city, and its first pastor was one who had remarkable power over young men, and special training to enable him to exercise that power. That pastor was Elias R. Beadle. He also, like Charles G. Finney, had had no training in a theological seminary. He had studied for the ministry under Dr. Edward N. Kirk in Albany. Dr. Kirk had been prominent as an evangelist, especially among college students. After he left Albany, Dr. Kirk was in Boston; and it was in his church there that Dwight L. Moody first made a confession of his Christian faith.

Dr. Beadle went for a while to Syria as a missionary,—not a place to incline him

toward preaching systematic denominational theology. After he returned from the East, he labored for a while as a city missionary in New Orleans. When he came to Hartford as pastor over a church including many young people new in the Christian life, he entered with his whole soul into their leading and training. Our new City Mission work was work after his own heart. He was with David Hawley and myself in whatever good service he could render; and I learned much from him as to spirit and method in Christ's service. He gave me added interest in foreign missionary service; at his suggestion I thought of going to the then new Micronesian field, and I probably should have gone except that God summoned me just then to another special mission service.

In his power of speaking timely and impressive words to individuals and to audiences in the spirit and likeness of Christ, Dr. Beadle exceeded any person whom I

ever knew. In that work, rather than in his ordinary Sunday sermons, was his power as a pastor year by year. The very tones of his voice, and his chosen words of address, seemed to speak love for Christ and love for souls. In this he was ever an example and an inspiration to others.

Dr. Beadle was my counselor and helper when the call came to me to go to the Civil War as a chaplain; and in many ways I still owe him a debt of gratitude. When I came to Philadelphia, in 1875, I found Dr. Beadle a power for good in this city, and to the day of his death he was prized and loved by me as one of the teachers by whom I was taught in Christ's spirit and service in my earliest, and in my later, Christian life.

IV. HORACE BUSHNELL

Fourth among the remarkable and God-given teachers of my early Christian life, for whom I have reason to be grateful, and

whose impress and influence I shall feel so long as I have life, was Horace Bushnell. And he, like all the other three, was anything but a strict theologian of any known school or type or special denomination. Yet he was truly a theologian; but he was one of his own sort, more likely to influence others by his thinking and teaching than to be specially influenced by them. He was one of the pastors in Hartford who cordially co-worked with Charles G. Finney at the time of his series of evangelistic labors there. He was recognized as a man of remarkable intellectual power, but he was by many thought to be not a safe guide theologically.

It was at a meeting of friends of the Hartford City Missionary Society, in the social parlors of the Pearl Street Congregational Church, of which Dr. Beadle was the new pastor, that my first acquaintance was made with good Dr. Bushnell. And that was indeed a new starting-point in my religious life, to which I ever look back

gratefully. As the young superintendent of the Morgan Street mission school,—where Dr. Bushnell's eldest daughter, the poet-saint, was my valued helper as a teacher, —I was at this meeting, following Father Hawley with a statement of the possibilities and needs of the city mission field. Dr. Bushnell sat in a chair just before me, showing a kind interest in my words. At the close of the service he stepped up and gave me greeting, and expressed an interest in me and my work. He said he should be glad to aid me at any time and in any way in his power. That was his first helpful work as my personal teacher.

Dr. Bushnell meant what he said at that time. From that hour he did aid me in my religious thinking and in my Christian living and doing; and because he was not a theologian of any recognized school he gave me more aid than he could have given had he been so. His greatest service to me, as it has been to many another, was in bringing me to see that God's mes-

sage or gift to us in the Scriptures is a gift to our "imagination," rather than to our positive knowledge; that Bible truth, at the best, suggests to us far more than it can define. To gain this truth is to have more than can be given by the explicit and exact tenets of any one school of theology, or of all schools of theology put together. Dr. Bushnell had his opinion as to what would be for me the best sphere of religious activity; but he was sure that God knew best, and he wanted me to be thus led.

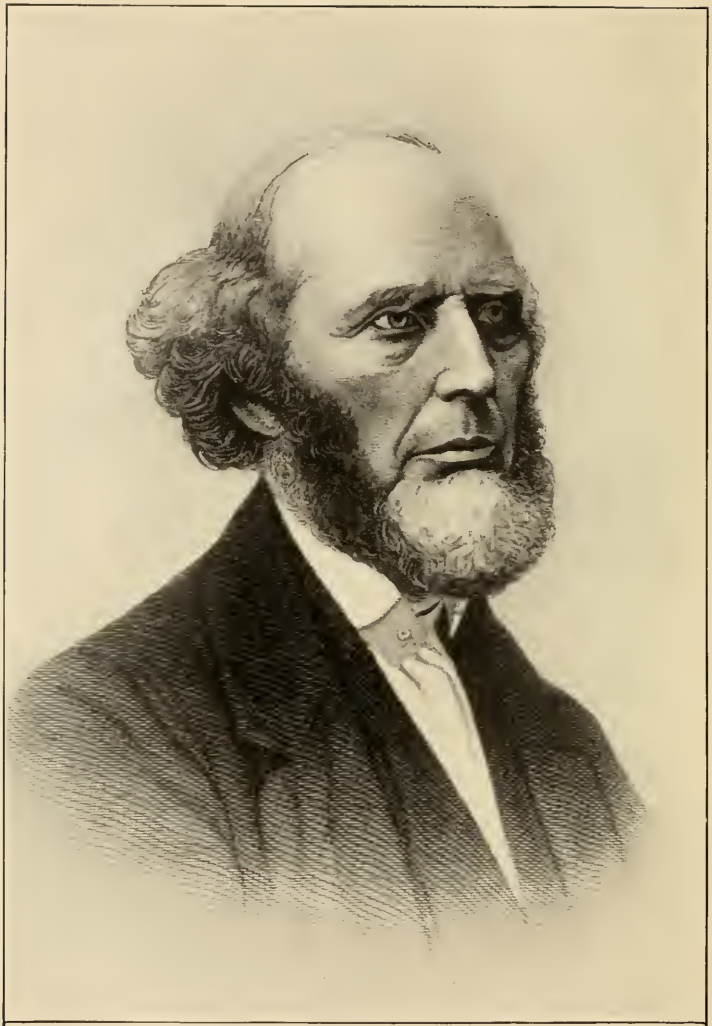
GOD'S CHOSEN WAY FOR ME

It will be seen that, in the providence of God, I was from the first privileged to be under the influence and instruction of four religious teachers of remarkable and exceptional power, apart from, and not as a follower of, any one theological school. As a result of this I have been helped in my personal life work as a non-denominational worker and writer for Christ and

for souls. While not saying or suggesting that this is the better way for all, I can and do say that I am glad and grateful that this was God's way for me. Therefore it is that I now speak particularly and with feelings of peculiar gratitude of these four religious teachers whom God let me have when starting in his service in the Christian life.

No one of these four men was trained in and bound by the tenets of any distinctive and recognized school of denominational theology. In consequence, for them the word of God was not bound by ordinary restrictions. All these teachers were earnest, devoted, evangelistic soul-lovers in God's service. Providentially I was summoned to labor, from the beginning of my Christian life, in fields for which ordinary denominational religious training would not have specially fitted or helped me, but which the training of just such men as these would. My work in God's plan came to be city-mission service and the non-denominational Sunday-school

work, afterwards the army chaplaincy, and still later a non-denominational religious editorial work. God knows, as man does not, the special work he has for every one of his children to do, and how to help him for and in that work. And to this truth I bear fresh, glad, grateful testimony out of my varied life experiences.



C. G. Finney.

PART II

REVIVALIST, REFORMER, AND EDUCATOR: CHARLES G. FINNEY

Young people of to-day can have no idea of the place occupied in the minds of the community half a century ago, and a score of years before then, by Charles G. Finney, as a revivalist, a reformer, and an educator. He was loved and he was hated, he was respected and he was feared, as were few men of his time, and as no ordinary man can be at any time.

Charles G. Finney stood quite by himself in thought and in action, and he was willing to stand there as long as he could feel that God would have him in that position. He drew a fresh line in theological thinking,—or, rather, his theology, while positive, was outside of all lines. He was all by himself

in methods of evangelistic work and in practical ideas of reform in the customs and ways of thinking in the American community of then. Along his newly drawn line of thought and practice his friends and his enemies ranged themselves, and their views of the leader naturally shaped their views of one another.

HIS EARLY LIFE

Although of the best New England stock in his family descent, and born in famous Litchfield County, Connecticut, Finney was, in his early years, under no such influences as would promote his moral and religious welfare. Yet he enjoyed reading, and was inclined to study. So far was he, as a young man, however, from giving any promise of being a religious leader, that, while he was the choir leader in a Presbyterian church in New York State, members of the church proposed among themselves to make him a subject of special prayer. But his pastor objected, re-

marking, as one of his biographers states, "that it was of no use; that he did not believe that Finney would ever be converted, since he had already sinned against so much light that his heart was hopelessly hardened."

HIS BEGINNINGS AS A LAWYER AND AS A PREACHER

Finney worked his way into the study and practice of law. He was nearly thirty years old when he first owned a Bible. He saw so many references to it in law books that he bought one to examine, and he became deeply interested in it. His conversion was like Paul's, remarkable and complete. God seems to have seen, or to have made, possibilities in him that his pastor had deemed out of the question. From the beginning of his Christian life he felt it to be his mission to preach the Christ whose service he had now entered. Leaving a case before the courts in which he was employed, he said to his client, "I

have received a retainer from the Lord Jesus to plead his cause, and I cannot plead yours." This so impressed the client, who was a deacon of the church, that he at once settled the lawsuit, and became a truer child of God. From that time Charles G. Finney was an earnest worker for Christ and for souls. Yet his preaching ever showed in its method and manner the training and habits of the lawyer-advocate, as did Henry F. Durant's.

His first Christian work was wholly with individuals, and that work he loved to the last. Indeed, one of the criticisms of him as a preacher was that he was not a conventional sermonizer, but that even in the pulpit he seemed to be talking to individuals, instead of preaching a sermon to a general audience after the ordinary method. But he did win souls to a remarkable extent. He was sent for, or he went unsought, from place to place, and everywhere a rich blessing seemed to ac-

company his labors. Of course, such a preacher aroused opposition by what he said, and by the way he said it. His early labors were at a time when excitement was great on the subject of slavery. As Finney was outspoken in his views on that subject, as well as on others, he made enemies in that way. Opposition gave him more friends and added power.

HIS FIRST REVIVAL WORK

Mr. Finney's early revival labors were in villages and towns in northern New York state, where he resided when he was won to Christ. Wherever he went he was blest in winning souls to Christ. Even those who disagreed with him in his theological views recognized the fact that God was with him in his activities in God's service. A remarkable revival accompanied his labors in Rome, New York. Mr. Finney was ever unfavorable to anything like excitement in his preaching or in its effects. He was quiet in his style of speaking, and

he sought to have those quiet who were interested in the truth he pressed on them. At Rome all classes were reached by him, and the religious tone of the whole community was changed. Among those under his influence at that time in that place were Thomas Brainerd, afterwards pastor of the Pine Street Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, and Albert Barnes, the leader of the New School portion of the Presbyterian Church in the United States.

Young Brainerd was won to Christ under Finney's preaching. Albert Barnes, although already intending to be a clergyman, was greatly influenced in his thinking and in his course by Finney. Mr. Barnes wrote of Mr. Finney about this time: "Few men in our country have been as well fitted to act on the higher order of minds, or to bring men, proud in their philosophy or their own righteousness, to the foot of the cross. As a result of this great revival of religion [in Rome], more than one hundred and eighty persons were added to the

church on one occasion. Among these were all the merchants and *all the lawyers.* Since the fall of man was such a thing known before, that all the lawyers in any place were converted to the faith of the Saviour?"

HE STIRS NEW YORK CITY

New York City was a great center in the early thirties, as it is to-day. Finney became a Presbyterian pastor, and a revivalist, there. He won so many converts that he filled many churches with young workers. Indeed, it was said long afterwards that no man in this country was ever the means of starting so many new churches formed out of his converts as Finney. Friends hired the Chatham Street Theater in which he could preach. Later, the long famous "Broadway Tabernacle" was built as a place for him to be heard in. While it was building, the story was started that it was to be an abolition and amalgamation hive, and it was set on fire. New York fire-

men would not attempt to save it, and the roof was burned off. But the building was finished, according to Finney's plans, as an auditorium. A Congregational church was formed there, with Finney as its pastor.

HIS WORK AT OBERLIN

Because there was no religious paper in the city to give place to his views and work, the New York Evangelist was started primarily for that purpose. As no theological seminary taught the views he held, Oberlin College was organized and its plans were broadened, on the foundation of the "Oberlin Collegiate Institute," which had, before this time, been started by two enterprising Vermont Christian workers, Messrs. John Shipherd of Pawlet and T. P. Stewart of Pittsford. This new movement was made, with the aid of New York donations, in order to enable Dr. Finney to train workers, and he was chosen its first president. But, wherever he was, he reserved a full share of his time and strength for

evangelistic and revival work, and then he labored far and wide in this line. There was probably no man in America, before the day of Dwight L. Moody, who was the means of winning so many souls to Christ as was Charles G. Finney, or whose writings as to such work were so widely influential in this country and in Europe.

HIS WORK IN HARTFORD

It was in the winter of 1851-52 that President Finney conducted a series of revival services in Hartford. An unfortunate difference between Dr. Joel Hawes and Dr. Horace Bushnell, Hartford pastors, stood in the way of union among the churches in these revival services. President Finney set himself to have this difficulty removed, and was successful. The meetings were very largely attended, and were greatly influential. Although, as I have said, I had attended none of these meetings, nor felt an interest in them, I was, soon after their beginning, won to Christ by a loving letter

from a dear friend at a distance. Then, in my devotion to my newly found Saviour, I attended, night after night, the services led by President Finney. I had my earliest training in the Christian life under him; hence I bear him in mind most vividly and gratefully.

I never heard such sermons as those, before or since. There was something in them, as I have already said, of Henry F. Durant's lawyer-like directness of appeal to the hearer's conscience and best consciousness, with something of Dwight L. Moody's unconventional and unmistakable application of the truth to the individual's heart and sound sense. Yet Finney was like neither Durant nor Moody; he was Finney and was like Finney, and like no other man. There was no getting away from him, nor thinking of anything else while he preached. There were no appeals to mere feeling; the feelings, if moved, were moved by and through the conscience and reason, and as an inevitable result of the

simple truth pressed by itself. His prayers were as simple, as direct, and as impressive, in their way, as were his sermons.

HIS VIGOR IN AGE

After I had been nearly twenty years in active Christian service, I was at Oberlin, to attend the National Triennial Congregational Council. There, again, I saw President Finney in his ripe old age. He was in his eightieth year, but still in the full vigor of his Christian manhood. His address of an hour before that great assemblage of prominent clergymen will not be forgotten by any who heard it. It was on the "Endowment of the Holy Ghost," ever a favorite theme with him.

That was a memorable occasion. Dr. William Ives Buddington, Moderator of the Council, said the day following as expressing the glad feelings of all in view of the differences of former days and of the loving accord following: "I rejoice to stand this day upon the grave of buried prejudice.

It is true that Oberlin has been a battle-cry in our ranks for a generation. It is so no longer, but a name of peace, of inspiration, and of hope." And as Professor Wright says, "the widespread and growing usefulness of Oberlin is pre-eminently due to Finney's direct influence upon the community and upon the successive generations of students who gathered there through the forty years of his connection with the institution."

Charles G. Finney has a prominent place in the volume of Bartlett's "Modern Agitators." A volume is given to his life and labors, by Professor G. Frederick Wright, in the Boston series of "American Religious Leaders." He has prominence as an American educator, from the college he founded, from the clergymen and teachers he trained, and from the multitude of practical evangelists he set at work for Christ. His spirit and work are perpetuated in the affections of the myriads he won to Christ and to Christ's service. When it is re-

membered that Finney was viewed by so many with suspicion or hatred in his earlier labors, we see again how much easier it is to form a right estimate of a man's work for Christ and for his fellows when his work is done and looked back upon, than during the progress of the battle in which he and we have a part.

A CITY MISSIONARY'S CHRISTLIKE LIFE AMONG THE POOR: DAVID HAWLEY

"Father Hawley," as he came to be generally called in the Hartford community and wherever he was known or known of, was an eminently successful and, in a certain sense, a model or pattern city missionary. Yet he had no training for his work. When the Hartford City Missionary Society was organized, while the work that was to be undertaken by it was comparatively novel in this country, David Hawley, who was a lover of Christ and of souls, was called from his country home in Farmington to be the missionary of that society. He was a man of choice New England stock, his brother being the father of Joseph R. Hawley, the distinguished general in the Civil War, and later United States Senator. David Hawley had been prominent and successful in personal work

David Hanley

for souls in his country home. He had taken active part in church prayer-meetings and in local "revival" services; but for his work in the city mission field he had no special preparation or pattern.

He took hold of it with hearty interest, and he persevered in it with earnestness and most successfully. "Coming to Hartford was a door I never pushed open," said Father Hawley in looking back on his course, when all deemed him eminently successful in that field. But God knew the man, and knew the field, as no one on earth did; and when God opened the door, and directed David Hawley to enter in, God gave success in that field to the man he had chosen for it. As I was privileged to labor with Father Hawley in that field, and as he and I learned lessons that God would have us know, those years were important to both of us, and to others; and I speak of some of his experiences and elements of power with loving and grateful remembrance.

HIS EARLY WORK AND INFLUENCE IN HARTFORD

It was in October, 1851, that Father Hawley began his work in Hartford. He quickly made himself acquainted with his new field and its necessities, and as quickly planned and acted in behalf of those whom he found in want. His first important move was the gathering, in the early spring of 1852, of the mission school in Morgan Street, which has never been discontinued. Again he organized one on Albany Avenue, and yet later one in Park Street. Meantime he visited outside families far and near, won their sympathy, led their children into the church Sunday-schools or into those he had organized, and themselves to the church congregations, or into neighborhood prayer-meetings started by him.

He reported the facts of his canvass and mission work to the city churches, and stimulated them to fresh activity; he laid his hands on the young converts of the

revival of 1851-52, in connection with the labors of President Finney, and set them at work and guided them in it, in varied fields of Christian effort; and he drew out scores of waiting members from the different churches to follow him in kindly visitation from house to house.

Before long, religion had new power in the city of his labors, and a new hold on its people. Father Hawley's work was felt everywhere in Hartford. Churches of other denominations made new efforts in the line of his successful labors. Christian activities were no longer limited to one street. Mission-schools and preaching-stations dotted the city borders. Those who did not seek the churches were sought by the churches. Hartford came to be recognized as clearly in advance of other cities in its efforts at home evangelism. Its example was imitated elsewhere. East and west, cities were taking pattern of its methods, and seeking counsel of its representative missionary.

Father Hawley was again and again invited to other important fields to do work similar to that which he had inaugurated here. But here he remained until he had trained a generation of skilled workers in mission-school service, and had been largely instrumental in bringing about an entire change in the policy and modes of work in the Hartford churches as to the poor and the non-church-going classes of the city.

To estimate at their true value these earlier labors of Father Hawley in Hartford, it should be borne in mind, as already intimated, that there were then few precedents in city mission work in this country, and no such variety of helps to its prosecution as are now available. The Five Points Mission, in New York, had only a short time before called public attention anew to the importance and practicability of such labors, but only here and there had similar experiments been elsewhere attempted.

Sunday-school singing of the present style was almost unknown. Sunday-school

papers and pictures were in no such variety as now. The foundations of the mission-school system were then being laid, and new modes of procedure must be originated at every step of progress.

HIS POWER IN PUBLIC ADDRESS.

The ability of Father Hawley to meet all the emergencies of such a work at such a time; his rare fertility in expedients; his unfailing readiness in both planning and doing; his sound judgment in deciding what was best, and his skill and tact in carrying it into execution; his capacity to direct others in work, and to train them to its best performance,—all this, together with his growing power in public address, and his remarkable control over those among whom he was working, proved him to be a man of no mean order of talent,—a genius in his line.

Indeed, it may fairly be claimed that Hartford has reason to point with honest pride to the record of David Hawley as a

man of originality and force,—a man of mark and permanent influence in an important sphere. He had a large place to fill, and he filled it well. He had a great work to do, and he did it efficiently. He was a man of God, complete, thoroughly furnished unto all his good works.

Despite David Hawley's lack of early special intellectual training, his native powers of mind did not fail to show themselves to advantage. Not only was he eloquent, in his pathos and humor, as he pleaded any cause which had his heart, but there was a Bunyan-like vigor of thought and quaintness of conception in his comments on the Scriptures which will not be forgotten by those who were much with him in Sunday-school and prayer-meeting work.

I recall one striking illustration of this. It was in the summer of 1859, when the daily union prayer-meetings in Hartford were held at the old Unitarian Church then standing on the corner of Asylum and Trumbull streets. He stepped in from the

street, at one of those meetings, just as the leader was reading the familiar story of Lazarus and Dives. It was a hot summer's afternoon. Mr. Hawley came in half out of breath, as if he had hurried to the place of prayer from his round of daily toil; but his ear was quick to catch the words from the Book of God. He took his seat, but, as an invitation was given, he rose to speak.

"I suppose," he said, "that Dives had never prayed before then. That was his first prayer. He could have prayed before, but he hadn't done it. It seems as if he didn't dare to pray for much the first time, as if he would only venture to pray for just the smallest thing he could think of,—a single drop of cold water; that was all. And he didn't ask *God* for even that. No; he had never prayed to God, and he didn't dare to begin now. 'There's Father Abraham,' he said, 'a fellow-mortal; it may be he'll pity me. Father Abraham, send to me—who? not one of the many angels flying about on God's errands, but that poor beggar

Lazarus, who used to lie at my door and live on my crumbs. Father Abraham, send the beggar Lazarus with one drop of cold water to cool my burning tongue.' That was all of Dives' first prayer. But even that wasn't granted. No; it was too late, too late!

"O my friends, just think of the difference in his case and yours of to-day! You can pray, not for little things, but for great. You can call, not on Abraham, but on God. You can ask him to send, not Lazarus, nor an angel, but his Son the Lord Jesus Christ, to bring down to you, not a single drop of cold water, but a cup brimful of the water of life; and you can drink, and have your soul satisfied. Blessed be God for this privilege of prayer! Let us pray."

HIS TACT IN DEALING WITH ALL.

Father Hawley was as skilful in the use of his powers as he was original in his mental characteristics. He showed rare tact in his sayings and doings, whether dealing with a

mission scholar or a minister. When, for instance, a little colored fellow ran into the Morgan Street school, and with monkey-like agility threw himself on his head in front of the desk, and shook his bare feet in the face of the superintendent, who was opening his Bible to read a lesson for the day, Mr. Hawley quickly turned the boy on to his feet, and said pleasantly, as he pointed him to a seat, "All right, my boy, only the other end up in this room." And the boy seemed to think that was fair.

When, again, a reference was made, at a union religious meeting, to the small increase in the attendance and membership of the churches for some time back, Mr. Hawley reminded the churches that their efforts had been largely confined to work on Main Street and westward, while the masses nearer the river were unreached. "Cast your nets on the other side of the ship, brethren," he said, "and you'll be hardly able to draw them for the multitude of fishes."

His work brought him among all classes and with persons of every shade of religious opinion; but he never had trouble with anybody because of seeming differences. No one could make an issue with him.

"We'd like to see your children in our Sunday-school," he said to a mother one day.

"They are Catholics," she answered, with abrupt positiveness.

"Oh, no matter for that! We'll take them *just as soon*," he said pleasantly, as if that removed every possible barrier. There were Jews who contributed regularly to his Christmas mission-school dinners, because of confidence in him and of interest in his work. On the other hand, he and his co-workers arranged to have the Jewish children at those dinners provided with meats prepared after their own fashion, that their prejudices might not be offended.

There was a time, quite a number of years ago, when some of the Hartford pastors who have now passed to their reward thought

that Father Hawley was not ready enough to call on the city clergymen to bury the dead out of homes he visited, but was himself too ready to conduct a funeral service in an emergency. Lay work was then by no means as common as now in the churches. Sensitiveness on the subject increased, and at one of the anniversary meetings of the City Missionary Society, Mr. Hawley admitted his fault, and made his apologies.

"I am sometimes asked," he said, "why I conduct funerals. Well, that isn't exactly my work, and I suppose I oughtn't to do it. But sometimes there comes to my house a poor woman with whose garret-home I am well acquainted. She tells me her child is dead, and she wants him buried. I tell her to go to a minister. She says no; she doesn't know any minister; but she knows me, and the little boy knew me, and she wants me to go down and bury her dead.

"So I go out to my stock of clothing and look up a few second-hand mourning

garments, for I know how poor that family is, and I roll up a little bundle. Then I hitch up my horse and go down to the poor woman's home, stopping on the way to hire a hack at half-price. When I go up the old stairs, I find four or five friends and neighbors there. I give the mother the old black dress. She slips it on. Then I kneel down and pray with them there, and maybe I say a few words. Then, if the coffin is a small one, I take it into my own wagon. The mother and the few friends get into the hack, and we go to the burying-ground. There I help lower the coffin into the grave, and cover it up. Then I take the mother back home, and try to comfort her, or to provide for her in her need. Maybe this is all wrong, but somehow I feel as if I couldn't help it."

It is hardly necessary to add that Father Hawley was never disciplined for his service with the mourning poor. The Hartford clergymen came to value him and his work more and more, and they who out-

lived him vied with one another in paying honors to his memory at his funeral, and subsequently in their own pulpits.

HIS BRIGHTNESS OF MIND

Brightness was a marked quality of David Hawley's mind. There was a sententious pithiness in his sayings, with an accompanying humor, which is almost inseparable from true tenderness of feeling. This made more effective the striking contrasts of light and shade by which he brought into relief the pictures of his mission work, when presenting his always notable annual reports to the public. Listeners hardly knew whether the laugh or the cry ought to come in first; so they were quite likely to try both together.

Many will remember his mention of the poor garret-home where he found dinner cooking over an old stove propped up with bricks, and with no door, the scanty fire being made of the legs of the last chair from the dreary room. "I lifted the pot

cover," he said, "and there, under the clean water, I saw a bare bone that had been cooked over and over again; and above it two small potatoes and an onion were chasing each other around looking for meat." "One hundred tons of coal given out during the year," he said, in making another report. "Just think how many little fires have been made with that coal, how many little feet and hands have been warmed by those fires, how many scanty meals those fires have cooked! You can't imagine it," he added, "but I can!" His imagination put life into all his statistics.

Describing one of the pitiful funerals, for conducting which he had been making excuses, he said, in his peculiar phrase: "As I found myself minister, undertaker, and funeral procession, I didn't at first know what position I ought to take in the line; but as I had all the mourners with me,—for the widow was in my wagon,—I concluded it was right for me just then to follow the hearse."

COST AND WORTH OF LOVE AND LOYALTY

Although at first his labors were largely in the direction of organizing mission schools and gathering the unevangelized under religious influence, he came gradually and naturally into the work of providing for the temporal necessities of the poor of his great field. When he began work in Hartford he had every department to attend to; but as intelligent workers multiplied, and the zeal of the churches increased, and the necessities of varied service became more apparent, it was meet that some one should be designated to "serve tables" for the "daily ministration" to the needy; and so David Hawley, "a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," was appointed "over this business."

The demands for such work, and his efforts to meet them, grew with the growth of Hartford and of confidence in his ability and judgment as an almoner of Christian bounties. When he left Hartford for Syra-

cuse, after ten years of labor here, he reported that, in that period, he had received some 20,000 calls for charity, and made 30,500 missionary visits. After his return he reported, for a single year, 25,000 calls on him for aid, and 2,500 visits made by him.

Oh, how he loved this work, and how he was loved in it! In the spirit of his Master he was touched with the feeling of the infirmities of those to whom he ministered. He gave them more than silver and gold, in the tender sympathy with which he shared their burdens. "I don't sleep nights, Brother Trumbull," he said, during one severe winter. "I carry three thousand aching hearts to bed with me, and I can't sleep for thinking of their sorrows." Kind deeds commonly give sweet sleep to their doer, but Father Hawley was so large-hearted that he gave even of his reward to the poor.

He would be active in loving even when he could not be active in doing. But he was paid for love in love. That was given

back to him without measure or stint. There was no one ever like him to the poor in Hartford, and this they recognized.

"Who was the first man?" was asked of a scholar in Morgan Street.

"Mr. Hawley," he answered promptly.

And he was not far from right. Mr. Hawley was to him the first man,—the first to show a kindly interest in him, the first to bring light and love into his wretched home. Mr. Hawley was, in this sense, the first man and the last to many a child of poverty in Hartford. A touching illustration of this occurred in the earlier years of Mr. Hawley's labors here. On a summer's day a little colored boy was pushed into the Connecticut River by some brutal white boys from a raft where he was playing. He called loudly for help. The cruel prejudices of caste were worse in that city forty years ago than they are to-day, and those who could have rescued the little fellow refused their aid. Once and again he sank and rose, calling pite-

ously for assistance. As he came to the surface of the water for the third time, he turned his gaze along the river bank, looking in vain for a single pitying eye. Then his mind seemed to go out after the one friend of the poor and neglected, who was always to be trusted, and his piercing cry went up, "Mr. Hawley, help! help! help! Mr. Hawley!" When that poor boy went down like lead under the waters, his dying call echoed along the river bank as "the blessing of him that was ready to perish" on the one man in Hartford who was known to be anxious to deliver "the poor that cried," and "him that had none to help."

"Mishter Hawley," I heard a poor German woman say in broken English as I visited with him one day,—"Mishter Hawley, I vould give you mine blood, I's so thankvul." And she meant it, as you would have believed had you heard her tell her story of his first visit to her dreary home, where, with a drunken husband,

she was struggling to keep her children from starving, and of his bringing bread and cheering words to her in her distress. That woman well illustrated the feelings of very many towards Mr. Hawley,—illustrated it in her acts as well as in her words.

When Mr. Hawley had moved to Syracuse, and the poor woman never expected to see him again, and had no thought of ever receiving anything more from him, she, in her poverty, longed to show her gratitude to him, and she did it.

She bought a young turkey in the summer, and perseveringly fattened it by dividing the scanty store of her household food; fed it when every ounce it ate cost her so much more toil to feed her children; neglected neither children nor turkey until November came. Then, on Thanksgiving week, she killed and dressed that turkey, and sent it by express to Mr. Hawley in Syracuse. And she and her children were the more thankful over their own dry crusts because of the belief that Mr. Haw-

ley enjoyed the Thanksgiving dinner they had provided for him.

Ah! there was a meaning in that mother's words,—"Mishter Hawley, I vould give you mine blood, I's so thankvul." Who shall say that Father Hawley did not live and die a rich man, with such a wealth of love for his possession!

LONGING FOR THE GREAT DAY.

It is, in every aspect, a good thing to have representatives and illustrations of pure and undefiled religion in a community. It honors God, it helps the poor, it comforts the sorrowing, it tends to lighten the burden on every shoulder. Father Hawley was unmistakably such a representative and illustration in the Hartford community; for it is not more true that he visited "the fatherless and widows in their affliction" than that he kept himself "unspotted from the world." He was an upright man, a godly man. Those who knew him best realized this. His daily life

was "an example of the believers." Even in his heart of hearts, with all his consciousness of a need of forgiveness and salvation, he could say unfeignedly, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

I shall never forget an incidental illustration of this truth, given by him some years ago. I preached, in the Asylum Hill Church in Hartford, a sermon on the sure uncovering of character,—the certainty that, sooner or later, a man's true character will be known to the world; that "there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known." The sermon closed with a reference to the general judgment, and the suggestion that then, if not before, all will be known of every man's heart. This seemed to me a thought from which almost any man would shrink. But Father Hawley, who heard the sermon, said to me pleasantly the next day, as we met on the street:

"I tell you, Brother Trumbull, there's

great comfort in that truth you brought out. Sooner or later we shall be understood. People may doubt us now, and ascribe wrong motives to us, may say we are doing this wrong thing or that, but the Judgment Day will bring it out all straight. Then they'll see us as we are. I tell you there's comfort in that thought."

What a disclosure, that, of Father Hawley's inner self! When a man is looking forward with longings to the Day of Judgment, so that he may be known as he is, there is not much in his character that he ought to shrink from having uncovered.

HIS KIND INTEREST IN ME.

It was just twenty-four years before the day when I preached Father Hawley's funeral sermon that I, as a young convert with a burning desire to show my love for my newly confessed Saviour, found my way down to the Morgan Street mission school, and began work there as a teacher, under his direction.

For years I worked with Father Hawley, and learned from him. I came to know him, to love him, and to honor him. Father Hawley, on the other hand, had a kindly interest in me, and early made up his mind that I ought to be in the work of the Christian ministry, and this long before I ever thought of it as my special mission. To this end, therefore, he looked and prayed.

At one time he said to me earnestly, using a forceful figure out of his farmer experience, "Brother Trumbull, I hope the Lord will harrow up your nest as often as you build it outside of his field." At length, after eleven years of waiting, he heard from his home in Syracuse that I was to be ordained as an army chaplain. Without any special invitation, and at his own expense, he came to Hartford to see with his own eyes the fulfilment of his desire for me.

As I stood up for examination before the council, in the Centre Church lecture room, I saw him on a back seat, watching the

proceedings with tearful eyes. In the evening he sat an interested watcher, and listened through all the public services in the church until he saw me rise as an ordained clergyman to pronounce the benediction. Then his joy seemed full.

As I came down from the pulpit, he met me at the foot of its steps, and, taking my hand, he said: "Brother Trumbull, I am glad to see this hour, and now I have come to ask a ministerial service of you. I suppose you haven't had many calls in that line yet [I had been an ordained clergyman about fifteen minutes]. I want you to promise to preach my funeral sermon." As he saw my surprise, he added, "I mean it, Brother Trumbull. You know me and my work. We've been together a great deal. I want you to preach my funeral sermon." I answered, "Dear Father Hawley, I hope you'll say a few words at my funeral." "No," he replied; "you'll outlive me, and I want you to preach my funeral sermon." As he pressed this

point, I could not do less than give him the desired promise.

It was nearly fourteen years before the call came to me to fulfil that promise. Again and again, meantime, Father Hawley referred to his request and my promise of then, and not long before his death he informed his family of the arrangement he had made with me. Living in Philadelphia at the time of his death, I went to my old Hartford home to perform gratefully my long-before promise of speaking earnest words of him after his death, in memory of this one of my early religious teachers.

ONE WHO SPOKE TIMELY AND POTENT WORDS: ELIAS R. BEADLE

Dr. Beadle was, in his young manhood, a missionary in Palestine and Syria. He loved his Saviour, and in Christ's spirit he loved souls; and "beginning at Jerusalem" he was ever and everywhere at work for them. It seemed to me that his winsome voice was influenced in its very tones by his speaking as a missionary in the Arabic language. At all events, his *spirit* as a missionary was evidenced in the way he used his voice whenever he spoke in his Saviour's name; and all who heard him felt this to be so.

At the time of the remarkable ingathering of young people to Christ's fold in the city of Hartford, in 1852, the Pearl Street Congregational Church was organized there, and Dr. Beadle was called as its first pastor. At once he won the young people's

C. R. Beadle.

hearts, and older persons seemed to be of the same mind. As I had been brought to Christ at the same time with many of his new charge, I shared their enjoyment of his loving ministry. And the first time that he had an opportunity of impressing himself on the community as a whole I became acquainted with his peculiar power.

A MEMORABLE PUBLIC FUNERAL.

It was at the time of the great religious anniversaries in New York and Philadelphia, in May, 1853. The Baptist anniversaries were just over, in Philadelphia. On the evening of May 5 the American Medical Association closed its sessions in New York City with a grand banquet in Metropolitan Hall, at which some eight hundred physicians sat down to feast and chat together. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes read a poem to them, and Drs. Francis and Detmold and Welford and Osgood of New York, and Professor Knight of Yale College, were among the more eminent speak-

ers. The banquet continued until midnight, but quite a number of its guests were up early enough the next morning, of Friday, May 6, to take the eight o'clock train on the New Haven Road for their New England homes.

At South Norwalk, Connecticut, the train dashed into an open draw in consequence of the criminal carelessness of the engineer, who failed to look for the signal of safety which alone could justify his leaving the station, a half-mile below the bridge. It was a frightful disaster. Nearly fifty persons were killed outright, and many others were injured more or less severely.

Among the prominent of the dead were Dr. Abel L. Pierson, of Salem, Massachusetts, a distinguished surgeon and a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; Dr. Archibald Welch, of Hartford, Connecticut; Drs. Smith and Gray, of Springfield, Massachusetts, and Dr. Beach, of Bridgeport, Connecticut; the Rev. Oliver Burr, agent of Antioch College, Ohio, and

the Rev. John H. Luhrs, of Williamsburg, New York. Of the injured there were Professor Tenbroeck, a daughter of the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold, and the Rev. J. G. Oncken, a Baptist missionary of Germany, who, with a number of clergymen, was returning from Philadelphia. Thomas Hicks, the artist, and a number of well known physicians, were of those who escaped unhurt. Dr. Smith, of Springfield, was the father of Professor David P. Smith of the same city, an eminent volunteer surgeon in the Civil War, and later a member of the faculty of the Yale Medical School.

Dr. Archibald Welch, a prominent citizen and a "beloved physician," one of the victims, was the first of the members of the then recently formed Pearl Street Congregational Church to be taken away by death. His funeral was held in the new church edifice, and the occasion itself was a memorable one.

The railroad horror had impressed the entire community. The loss of Dr. Welch

was felt as a personal one in a very wide circle. At the funeral service the large church was crowded to overflowing. The members of the church wellnigh filled the body of the house. The members of the Hartford medical faculty were present in a body, as also were the officers and directors of the New Haven Railroad Company. In the pulpit with the Rev. Dr. Beadle were the Rev. Drs. Joel Hawes and Mark Tucker, former pastors of Dr. Welch. The coffined remains of the dead physician were just before the pulpit. The house was draped in mourning. The entire congregation was under the influence of deep and strong feeling.

After the singing of a dirge, and other impressive services of worship, Dr. Beadle arose to speak the first direct words to the great congregation. Looking from the pulpit down upon the face of the dead, he pointed to it significantly as he turned his face to the members of the church, and said in his tender and musical tones, which

reached every ear and thrilled every heart in that entire assembly: "Brethren, there lies the first of our dead!" And at that utterance he paused for a moment, then broke again the oppressive stillness with: "The *first*, but not the *last*. Henceforth for us the gates of death stand wide open, day and night. God only knows who'll pass through next!"

A more effective enforcement of a timely and important lesson from a great and sudden bereavement I have never known made by a single sentence than was manifest when those words of Dr. Beadle sounded in the ears of those who listened amid the surroundings and in the circumstances of that hour. Then he described the effect of the news in the Hartford streets when the first intelligence of the disaster was flashed over the wires, and men were in doubt as to who might be of its victims. He told of the crowding toward the railroad station of men and women and children with anxious hearts, when the first

train was expected from Norwalk bringing home the injured passengers and fuller lists of the lost and the saved.

"As we hurried down Asylum Street, we heard the shriek of *your* locomotive whistle at the curve below," he said, turning suddenly to the railroad directors. And then he ejaculated with startling effectiveness, "Would God it could have waked our dead!"

Dr. Beadle's words of that day re-echoed in the ears of all his hearers while they lived. And from that hour he was a power as a speaker before any Hartford audience. I give illustrations of his power in this line, as better evidencing his spirit and method than any description of which I am capable.

GETTING HOLD OF MISSION-SCHOOL BOYS

The mission school in Hartford of which I have spoken, where Father Hawley and I worked together, and where I received so much good, was what the English

would call a "ragged-school." It was made up of boys and girls of the very lowest class in the community, out of homes of squalor and of vice along the river-banks in one of the poorer quarters of that city. It was not an easy matter to catch and hold the attention of that motley assemblage. There was rarely a visitor who was equal to the emergency. But Dr. Beadle won the eyes and ears of all who were there when first he came to that school.

Standing in front of the superintendent's desk, before the school closed for the day, he held up a common fresh-water clam-shell, and called out:

"Boys, what is that?"

"A clam-shell," cried a hundred voices.

"Yes, it's a clam-shell,—a rough, coarse, clam-shell; just such a shell as you could pick up any day by the bank of the river, or back in the country by a brook in the woods."

Then, turning the shell quickly in his hand, he showed the other valve, the out-

side of which had been beautifully polished, its iridescent colors reflecting the light attractively.

"And what is *that*, boys?" he said.

"That's a clam-shell, too," was the answer.

"Yes; but see how much prettier this side is. What makes the difference?"

"It's been rubbed down," said one.

"It's been smoothed off," said another.

"It's been polished up," said a third.

"Yes, that's it. And, boys, do you know that's just what we are trying to do with you in this Sunday-school? We've brought some of you in here as rough as the other side of the clam-shell; and now we are trying to rub you down, to smooth you off, to polish you up, so that you'll shine like this side of the shell. This polishing business is hard work, boys, and it takes time; but it pays."

Then Dr. Beadle pressed home the need of soul-polishing in words which were never forgotten in that room. He was thenceforward known by those boys as

"the clam-shell man;" and they always gave him a hearty welcome in their school-room, or as they met him from time to time in the street. Many of them were more willing to be rubbed down and smoothed off in consequence of his suggestive words of then and later; and some of them came finally to have a character which reflected beautifully the rays of the Sun of Right-eousness. There were boys from that mission school to meet Dr. Beadle in heaven as he went home to glory; and others of them are still living as polished shafts in God's earthly temple,—"polished after the similitude of a palace."

TENDER WORDS OF PARTING

"Father Hawley," of whom I have said so much as my co-worker, and from whom I learned so many things, was, as I have shown, a man greatly beloved. Dr. Beadle worked with him, and gave him help and cheer in his work. By and by the city missionary was called to Syracuse, and as

he was leaving for his new field of labor some of his many friends presented to him a silver water-pitcher as a token of their regard. Dr. Beadle made the presentation. Speaking warmly of the loving labors of Father Hawley in Hartford, and of the hearts which would be heavy because of his absence from them, he said, as he held in his hand the parting gift:

"And when your own heart is heavy with the sorrows of others, and your thoughts turn back to those whom you have loved and who love you here, then may this pitcher be to you as the fabled mirror which brings to view the faces of those who are in the mind of the looker. In its polished surface may you see smiling upon you these faces which are now turned to yours in glad affection; and back of them may you see the worn and pale faces of the poor and the sick to whom you have ministered in their distress, and the outstretched hands which you have filled in the hour of their need.

"And even as the sea-shell retains in its inner chambers the murmur of the ocean from which it is far removed, so may this pitcher bring back remembered sounds to you; and as you put your ear to it may you hear repeated these words of affection we are speaking in heartiness to you to-night; and may you hear again those thanks of the friendless whom you have befriended, of the helpless whom you have helped, those trembling words of gratitude: 'I was an hungered, and you gave me meat: I was thirsty, and you gave me drink: I was a stranger, and you took me in: I was sick, and you visited me: I was in prison, and you came unto me.'"

The memory of those loving words gave encouragement and cheer to the untiring missionary in many a weary hour thereafter; and more sorrowing hearts were comforted by his labors because of his help from those re-echoing words. And thus with many another to whom that man of God spoke.

A COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT DINNER

In the gatherings of the most cultured Dr. Beadle was as felicitous as in the presence of the commoner classes. On one occasion he made an address at the close of the Commencement dinner of Trinity College. He was known to but few of the alumni present. There was no expectation aroused before his speech. Sitting near him, and knowing him as well as I did, I said confidentially to an Episcopal clergyman by my side, "Now you'll see the starch taken out of white cravats." And we saw it.

Dr. Beadle had then been passing some months in the West Indies for his health, and during that time he had been quite ill. Referring to his recent life in the tropics, he said: "No natural object in that arid region had more attraction to me than the stately palm-tree, with its graceful form and its refreshing shade. And the manner of its growth is recalled to me as I see these

successive college classes, in their representatives here to-day. Out of the heart of the palm-tree there comes a cluster of young leaves—like the graduating class of to-day—standing together for a time above all about them, and then separating without losing all connection with the parent stock, to spread into an encircling frieze, which is to be covered in turn by the next unfolding cluster from above; and so the growth of the tree, like that of the college, is marked by the successive courses of unfolded leaves, the younger ones seeming to stretch themselves over the others to shield them from the sun, lest they should wither and fall too soon.

"O, how grateful was the shade of the palm-tree to one who was weary, as I was in that dry and thirsty land! But dearer far to me, my friends, than all else which I came to enjoy in the tropics, was the shelter of a tree which I there found planted by the rivers of living water, which had been started into its beautiful

growth under the shadow of Trinity College walls."

By this time the college alumni were aroused, and they listened with bated breath to the musical flow of the words that followed. "It was while I lay on a bed of sickness, far from home and friends, seemingly called to die uncared for and alone, that there came to my bedside one of God's dear children, a brother in Christ, to look sympathy into my eyes, to speak words of comfort to my heavy ears, to fan my fevered brow, and to mingle his thoughts with mine, until as we held sweet converse together in Christ Jesus I came to love him as if we had been born of the same mother, and nourished at the same breast. His fellowship and his prayers gave me new comfort and new life; and now, as I stand here before the alumni of his Alma Mater, I say with all my heart, God bless John Du Bois, of the class of 1854."

The effect of this climax was irresistible.

The classmates of Du Bois led in such demonstrative applause that, as the other classes joined in with the cheers and the table-pounding which resounded for several minutes after Dr. Beadle had closed his address, glasses and crockery were literally shattered into fragments up and down the table.

And these are but a few illustrations out of a multitude which might be given to show the power and impressiveness of the words which were long ago uttered by one who "being dead, yet speaketh."

GOODNESS AND GREATNESS AMONG ALL: HORACE BUSHNELL

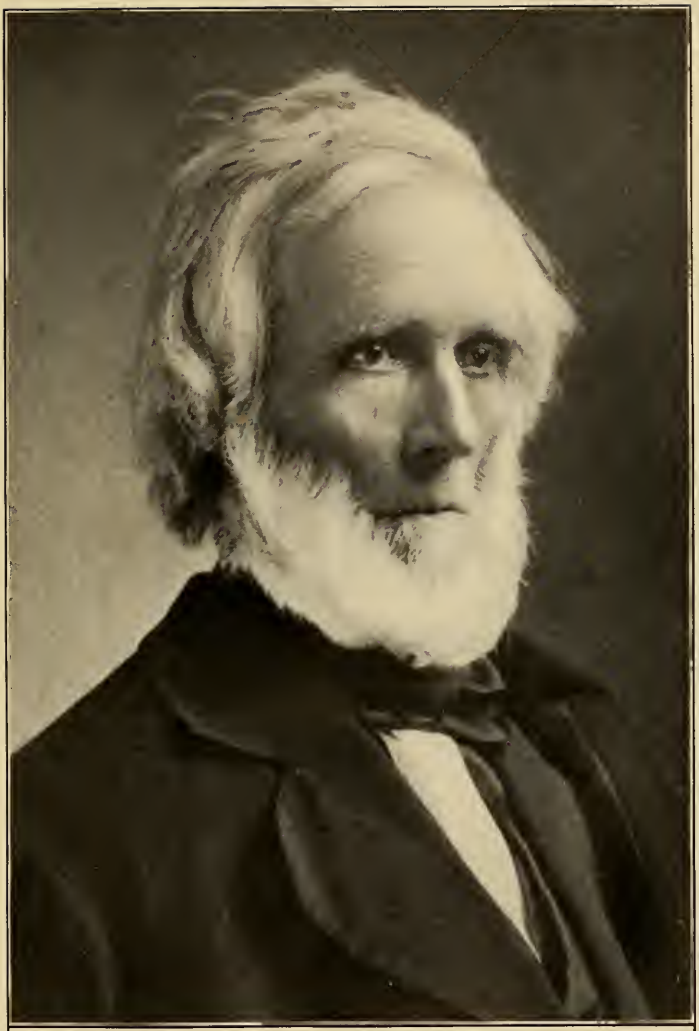
All who know anything of greatness know about and honor Horace Bushnell. As the years go on his name and fame grow, and it is more and more manifest to the world that his is

> "One of the few, the immortal names,
> That were not born to die."

His greatness all know, but his exceeding goodness and his rare lovableness could be realized only by those who were privileged to know him intimately, and for whose welfare and training he had a generous sense of kind responsibility.

PERCEIVING THE BEST IN OTHERS

One indication of greatness is the readiness of the great man to perceive undisclosed possibilities in the ordinary man. A street boy, with a piece of smoked glass,



Horace Bushnell

can see the spots on the noonday sun. It takes the keen-eyed scientist with his spectroscope to discern the brighter colors of every ray of the sun in its course. Similarly, every preacher can perceive the defects in the sayings and doings of a young man just beginning to work for his Master. But only the superior lover of Christ and of his fellows can recognize in a young worker indications of promise that are worthy of cultivation and development. And therefore it is that such a man as Horace Bushnell incidentally does so much in bringing out and bringing up men whom a lesser man would never have deemed worthy of special notice and effort at training.

As illustrative of this, on one occasion I was with him when he listened to a young clergyman who was fresh from the theological seminary. As usual, Dr. Bushnell was looking for the best things rather than the poorer, and he found them. After the service he spoke to me enthusiastically about the sermon.

"Wasn't that fine? When he announced his text I busied myself thinking how he would treat it. I was greatly pleased with his opening. Then I tried to keep ahead of him in my thoughts. At every point he was up to the best I could think of, or better. And when the sermon was finished I felt like throwing my arms around him and kissing him."

No smaller man than Dr. Bushnell could have seen all that he saw in that young preacher's sermon; but it was in such ways that his pre-eminence was all the time showing itself. That young preacher afterwards had occasion to rejoice, through all his maturer life, in the interest shown in him in his earlier years by good Dr. Bushnell, whom all the world knew to be great. And this was only one young man among many who were thus favored and blessed.

As almost from the beginning of my Christian life I was under the ceaseless influence, and had the matchless inspira-

tion, of Dr. Bushnell's unequaled personality during all the later years of his royal life, I have reason, indeed, to count him as pre-eminently one of my personal religious teachers. Even though favored of God with these advantages for, and inducements to, well doing and the exercise of a right spirit in God's service, I have failed to do the work I should have done. Yet, unsatisfactory as is my record, I should have done far less in my life had I not been so stimulated, instructed, and guided by this teacher, this teacher of teachers, Horace Bushnell the peerless one; and for him and his gracious favor and rare patience and loving endeavors I thank God continually.

HIS WAY OF VIEWING AND USING BIBLE WORDS

Perhaps the best key to the distinctive thinking of Dr. Bushnell, in the realm of biblical or religious truth, is to be found in his essay entitled "Our Gospel a Gift to the

Imagination." It is to be found, in his completed works, in the volume called "Building Eras," but it first appeared as a contribution to "Hours at Home." It is a condensation and reshaping of the ideas in his extended "Essay on Language," prefixed to his earlier volume, "God in Christ." It aims to show that, necessarily, the truth concerning the spiritual and the infinite cannot be stated in precise human language, since all human words have a human origin with human limitations. Such words, when employed to convey truth which is beyond the realm of sight and sense, have their main value in suggesting, not in defining, the higher meaning. This essay has perhaps done more than any other single chapter of his works to enable readers to appreciate and enter into the spirit and atmosphere of his thinking, and, as it did very much to influence my character and life work, I want to tell something of it just here.

When, after the beginning of our Civil

War, I unexpectedly found myself in the ranks of the Christian ministry without any previous theological training, through the call to an army chaplaincy, Dr. Bushnell more than doubled his loving endeavors to inspire and guide me. After my return from the war, I was accustomed to take long walks with him in the suburbs of the city, and to enjoy the privilege of free converse and discussion about matters in which I most needed help.

One day, in the early part of 1869, as we walked, he asked, in his frank way, what I thought of a sermon I had heard him preach the Sunday before. In that sermon he had incidentally touched on the work which Jesus Christ wrought for our salvation, and in so doing he had given expression to his peculiar views on the Atonement. These views had jarred on my traditional prejudices, and I told him so with entire frankness. At that time I had not visited the East, nor gained any familiarity with Oriental forms of speech.

Like many others, I took Bible words in dead Western literalness, and, in consequence, I saw little below the surface. I closed my comments on Dr. Bushnell's sermon with the statement:

"You know, Doctor, that I differ with you in all this."

"Trumbull, you don't differ with me in my view of the Atonement."

"Yes, I do, Doctor."

"Well, you don't hold the view I combat. You don't hold the slaughter-house theory of the Atonement."

"Yes," I said, "I think I do. I believe that 'the blood of Jesus Christ . . . cleanseth us from all sin.'"

"Well, you don't hold the commercial view."

"Yes, I think I do. I believe that we are 'bought with a price.'"

"Well, you don't hold these views in the sense in which I am speaking of them," said the good Doctor, kindly. Then he added:

"Trumbull, I've just sent an article to 'Hours at Home' that'll soon be out. I want you to read it. It covers all this very ground."

"I shall be glad to read it," I said sincerely, without anticipating any marked effect from its reading, if it were on this particular theme.

Some weeks after, as I again walked with the Doctor, he asked me:

"Have you read my article yet, Trumbull?"

"No, I haven't," I replied.

"Well, I want you to."

"I mean to, Doctor."

A fortnight after, the Doctor asked me again:

"Trumbull, have you read my article in 'Hours at Home'?"

When I again answered in the negative, the good Doctor stopped, stood before me, and, taking hold of me with both hands, said:

"Trumbull, I *want* you to read that. I

ask you to read it for *my* sake. Now, promise me you will."

"I will, Doctor," I said earnestly. "I'll stop, as I go home, and get the magazine, and then read the article at once."

The next time I met the Doctor, he asked:

"Have you read my article yet?"

"Well," I answered slowly, "I've read it twice over, and have thought a good deal about it; but I want to read it again, and think more over it, before I decide what I do think of it."

The Doctor's face brightened, his keen eyes twinkled, his lips broke into a smile, he stuck out his thumb and poked it into my side, as he said, with a peculiar tone of triumph in his voice:

"Ah! the pizen's workin'."

And it was—in the sense in which he meant that! That essay rent the veil from before my mind. I had lost nothing. I had gained much. I could never again be a blind child, in the presence of that which the noonday sun brought to light.

As I talked of that truth afterward with the Doctor, I spoke of the growing gain it was to me since I comprehended its real significance.

"Yes," he said, "it grows on *me* all the time. I see now the truth there is in many forms I once vigorously opposed. I could stand now a pretty good examination in the Westminster Catechism." Then, after a pause, he added, "Or in almost any other catechism."

HIS PART IN OUR CIVIL WAR

Although Dr. Bushnell believed and taught that Bible words are utterly inadequate to the declaring of spiritual and infinite truths except by suggestion, he prized and could most forcibly use the words of the Bible at times when they were peculiarly needed, and when he would show that a truth he pressed had the Divine sanction. In this he exhibited rare power, as illustrated in his many felicitous sermon texts, and also in his public prayers.

In the second year of our Civil War, President Lincoln on one occasion asked that the loyal citizens of the country should assemble on a given Sunday in their respective places of worship, at the close of the usual forenoon service, and unite in prayer for the country in its peril. Dr. Bushnell preached that Sunday in the Pearl Street Congregational Church. At the close of the forenoon service, he came down from the pulpit, and took his position, as the leader of the proposed meeting. His opening words of prayer thrilled us all:

"O God, we thank thee for teaching our hands to war and our fingers to fight. Thou hast taught us that the magistrate beareth not the sword in vain,—and if he doesn't bear it in vain, he must use it, and if he can't use it alone, we must help him use it."

Here was the justification for our war in defense of national authority, backed by the Old Testament and the New, shown in no strained use of Scripture, but in evident

accord with both its letter and its spirit. Then he went on to plead earnestly for God's help to those who had risen up to aid the God-given powers in this crisis-hour of the nation's struggle. All who listened to that prayer went out from that place in a new spirit of consecration and faith for the work which God had laid on them to do.

Dr. Bushnell had his full part in preparing the public mind for the struggle of that national conflict. He early saw the issue approaching, and he guided his people, and many beyond them, as it culminated in actual warfare. His sermon, published at a time while Northern men were hesitating whether to yield or to stand firm, from the text, "Shall iron break the northern iron and the steel?" had its positive influence in convincing them of their duty of the hour. When the disaster of the first Bull Run staggered their confidence, his voice rang out in clarion tones, "If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy

strength is small,"—and men whom he reached regained their poise.

From his congregation there went out scores of the bravest and the best young men to bear their full part in the mighty conflict, and they felt his impress in their going and in their doing. He kept in touch with them all along. Meeting one of his active church-members, who had entered the army as lieutenant in a light battery, and was at home on a brief leave, he accosted him cheerily with:

"Glad to see you, Metcalf. Killed anybody yet?"

"I don't know as I can say that I have."

"Time you had. That's what you went out for."

When that lieutenant fell, mortally wounded, in the battle of Drewry's Bluff, after doing thoroughly what he was out for, a warm-hearted surgeon said to him, as he examined the wound:

"Lieutenant, you've got to die; are you ready?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, Doctor! if I hadn't been, I shouldn't have been here," and the lieutenant opened his eyes to look pleasantly on the surgeon, and then restfully closed them to earth.

When I reported this to good Dr. Bushnell, it seemed to thrill him with sympathetic pride, as if he realized that another of his children in the faith had lived to a purpose and died to a purpose.

When, at the close of the war, Yale College, his Alma Mater, honored her many soldier sons by a commemorative celebration, Dr. Bushnell was invited to deliver the oration. It seemed to me that he was never grander than on that occasion. The armies were not yet disbanded, but from many fields and posts officers and men came to share in the impressive services of that day. Starred names which the whole nation delighted to honor were there, and officers of every grade in the army and the navy, together with the host of common soldiers of uncommon worth, and digni-

taries of church and state, besides the ordinary college assembly, made up an inspiring audience.

The Doctor was himself the central figure of the hour, not merely because of his position, but by his character and mental and moral power. He stood there like an inspired prophet of old to give his message and to bear his witness. He had, in one sense, been in more battles than any veteran before him. His face and figure showed scars that came of conflicts with intellectual and spiritual giants. And in his countenance was the clear light of assured triumph in faith. All present looked up to him with admiration and reverence. But the temptation to speak words of praise and honor to the heroes before him had no power to swerve him from his duty of pointing all to the recognition of "Our Obligations to the Dead." He uplifted himself, and he uplifted his hearers, as he pointed away from the noblest of the living to the nobler dead who had died for them.

His words for them made all ready to give them higher honor.

"No, no, ye living! It is the ammunition spent that wins the battle, not the ammunition brought off from the field. These dead are the spent ammunition of the war, and theirs, above all, is the victory. Upon what, indeed, turned the question of the war, but on the dead that could be furnished; or, what is in no wise different, the life that could be contributed for that kind of expenditure? These grim heroes, therefore, dead and dumb, that have strewed so many fields with their bodies,—these are the price and purchase-money of our triumph. A great many of us were ready to live, but these offered themselves, in a sense, to die, and by their cost the victory is won."

GENEROUS REGARD FOR VIEWS OF OTHERS

There was a charming naturalness and simplicity in the ordinary ways of Dr. Bushnell with reference to his own achieve-

ments and the comments on them by others. He seemed pleased when an appreciative hearer spoke warmly of anything he had done or said. For a time, during the later years of his pastorate, he gave the afternoons on Sunday to a congregational Bible-school service, with a common theme of study for all the classes, and at the close an address from himself on the theme for the day. One afternoon I was present when the subject of study was John the Baptist. In that fifteen minutes' closing address of the Doctor, I gained more light on the work and mission of John the Baptist, and his place with reference to the old dispensation and the new, than I had ever gained from all the commentaries, or than has come to me since from all other sources. As I thanked the Doctor for his fresh exposition, he said, with child-like enthusiasm in the subject, which had evidently deeply interested him:

"Don't you think I met the common difficulties in John's case pretty well? It

seems to me that that's the way to place him."

I heard Bushnell preach his great sermon on "Building Eras in Religion" at the dedication of the Park Church, occupied by his old charge. I had never seen him when he so soared above the plane of common humanity, and so reveled in the visions of the far future open to his prophetic gaze, as while he treated Ezekiel's glowing vision of the restored temple and its spiritual teachings. It was two weeks after that evening that I first had the opportunity of telling him of my enthusiasm about that sermon.

"Well, *I* thought that sermon was a good one. It took hold of *me*. But somehow it didn't seem to impress others so. Hardly any one has spoken to me about it."

When I heard another of his great sermons, I was particularly pleased with its opening sentences, and they fastened themselves in my memory. Two years later

that sermon, with others, appeared in a new volume. Its vigorous opening was toned down to a less striking beginning. Meeting the Doctor, I told him that I missed the sentences with which he began when he preached it, and then I repeated them to him.

"So *you* liked that,—did you? So did *I*, but Mrs. Bushnell made me change it."

Dr. Bushnell was great in any aspect you viewed him, and the more one was with him the more one felt this. One day, as I was walking with him, and he had been pouring out the treasures of his rich thoughts for my benefit, I burst out with:

"O Doctor, you are simply grand! How good it is to be with you! There's no one in the world like *you*."

"Oh, no! Trumbull, I just look at truth from another corner of the room, that's all."

But who like him could find that corner? And what a privilege it was to hear him tell what he had seen as he stood there!

It is undoubtedly true that the storm of opposition raised against Dr. Bushnell, in his earlier ministry, by representatives of different schools of theological thought, was rather because of the havoc made with their pet forms of dogma by his attacks on all human explanations of spiritual truths as necessarily incomplete and partial, than because of people's belief that he directly denied, or squarely took issue with, any biblical declaration of a truth, vital or less important. It was not so much that *he* was felt to be in error, as that he evidently claimed that others were not absolutely correct in their statements of doctrine, and therefore *they* felt he must be wrong.

When he stated and applied a great truth in the realm of character or action or providence, he quickened thought and carried conviction. Even men who were prejudiced against him as "heretical" or "unsound" theologically, were ready to admit the exceptional value of his thinking and teaching in these other realms. It was

only when he opened fire on the earth-works of the defenders of a formal system of doctrine that he had to meet the return fire from enemies all along the line,—front, flank, and rear.

His book, "The Vicarious Sacrifice," essayed to indicate or define the nature and necessity and limits of the "Atonement," according to his view of truth. This book was violently combated. After a while he supplemented, and, in a sense, modified, this, by another volume, "Forgiveness and Law." This was, in one sense, an illustration of his ever-readiness to revise or change his opinions as new light broke in on him. In another sense, it showed that not even *he* could employ human language to so define truths in the realm of the spiritual and the infinite as to convey them to the human mind without a possibility of misconception or error. At the best, these volumes were but essays in the direction of the limits of the illimitable.

When Dr. Bushnell wrote "Forgiveness

and Law," he felt that it was a decided advance on his earlier volume, "The Vicarious Sacrifice," and he believed that it would be generally recognized as such. It was a surprise to him that his own friends did not give it a heartier welcome. Before he published it, he read it in manuscript to his brethren in the ministerial association in Hartford, to which he belonged, in order to avail himself of their opinions and suggestions. He was evidently desirous that his special friends should be present, and he took pains to notify several of them, in advance, of this wish. They gathered in the parlors of the South Congregational Church. He was nearly four hours in its reading. Then all in turn expressed their views on it.

Professor Calvin E. Stowe, one of the more conservative of those present, led off. He said, good-naturedly:

"The Doctor's gaining. If he revises a few more times, he'll be pretty near the truth."

Then he showed where he agreed with

Dr. Bushnell in his statements, and where he disagreed.

Dr. Samuel J. Andrews, author of "The Life of our Lord," commented in his sweet spirit. Dr. Nathaniel J. Burton spoke out in his robust, hearty, appreciative way. Dr. E. P. Parker and Joseph H. Twichell, while recognizing the good in this as in all things from the Doctor's pen, were frank to say that they felt he would gain nothing materially by its publishing. It would simply seem to indicate a wavering on his part as to his original position. It would in no sense satisfy his old enemies, and would be rather a confusion to his friends. And so the comments went around.

It was evident that the Doctor was surprised, if not indeed disappointed, at the reception his work had met. He had supposed that *these* friends, at least, would think more of it. In his rejoinder he spoke of the principal objections raised, and then he came to the view taken by those who had spoken of it depreciatingly.

"As to what Parker and Twichell say,—that there's nothing in it,—I confess I can't understand. It's a mystery to me,—a great deal more of a mystery than the Atonement."

As I walked away from that conference with Dr. Bushnell, I spoke to him of my thought about his claim that it was a necessity in God's nature to make a sacrifice for his sinning children, in order to overwhelm the new barrier of their sins by the added floods of his love. I said it seemed to me that a human mother's love could go out to a disobedient child at the fullest, without any added personal sacrifice on her part as a necessity of her nature, and I did not see why the Divine Father might not have similar power of love.

"O Trumbull! I'm not speaking of the cow-and-calf love. I'm taking the moral element of the love into account,—the love which God feels and which is God-like."

Then, having thus sharply drawn this line between love and love, between the

mere love of the cow and calf and the love which God is, he went on to explain more fully its bearing on the theme of his new volume. Having reached his home, after parting with me, he wrote out more carefully his views, that he might help me to a better understanding of it as it lay in his mind.

Some time after this, as we walked together, I ventured to say to the Doctor with reference to this whole matter, as showing why some of those who looked to him most admiringly were unable to accept fully his explanations of the inexplicable:

"You must remember, Doctor, that you have taught us that these greatest truths cannot be expressed in human language. *I* was slow to learn this, but at last you got it into even *me*, through your 'Our Gospel a Gift to the Imagination.' Then having convinced us of the utter futility of such an attempt, you undertake it yourself, and you wonder that we do not at once accept as final your definitions of forgiveness and salvation, and their relations to law."

Then I added: "You know, Doctor, how great I think you are, and how I prize your opinions, and I assure you I am ready to admit that when we get beyond the realm of the finite I shall probably see that you have been nearer right in your thoughts and ideas than anybody else. But as we are, here and now, I don't think that God intends me to feel that his truth on these subjects is disclosed and defined by your explanations of them."

I mention these venturesome remarks of mine as preliminary to an incident showing Dr. Bushnell's wonderful consideration of the views and prejudices of those whom he was influencing. Although of a positive nature, he was in no sense bigoted or dogmatic, and he could not properly be called opinionated. While he held his opinions firmly, he was always ready to consider the views of another, and to revise or modify his own, as God gave him more light. It was ever true of him, as he said of the venerable Dr. Noah Porter of Farm-

ington after his death, "He kept his windows open to the last, willing to know anything possible to be known."

In those days, while living in Hartford, I was absent from home much of the time, in the discharge of my Sunday-school duties. Only now and then could I have a Sunday there. If, when I was to be in town over Sunday, I saw by the Saturday's papers that Dr. Bushnell was to preach in one of the churches, I was sure to go and hear him. One Sunday I heard him preach, at the South Church, his sermon on "The Coronation of the Lamb," afterwards included in his volume, "Sermons on Living Subjects." While I was uplifted by it as a whole, I could not give assent to certain incidental references to his peculiar views of sacrifice and atonement, and I frankly told him so as we talked it over subsequently.

Several weeks later, I had another Sunday in Hartford. Seeing that Dr. Bushnell was to preach at the Asylum Hill Church, I gladly went there. I saw by the selected

hymns and Scripture readings that he was to preach that same sermon, and I was gratified that I could hear it again. After service, I met Dr. Philip Schaff in the house, and we two joined Dr. Bushnell and walked down the hill with him. Presently Dr. Bushnell said:

"Trumbull, I was disturbed when I saw you come in this morning."

"How so?" I asked.

"Why, I said, 'There's Trumbull. He's come to hear me preach, and this is the very sermon I preached the last time he heard me.'"

"Well, Doctor, when I saw by the hymns that you were to preach that sermon, I was more than glad, for I think I can always get more out of one of your sermons on the second hearing than on the first. I watched this one with especial care this morning, and I'll tell you frankly that it didn't seem to jar on me this time, at the points I talked over with you, as it did the other time."

"I think quite likely, Trumbull. They were not *there*. After that talk with you, I went home and looked that sermon over. I said to myself, 'I've stuck too much of Bushnell into this. Those things are not essential here. If they trouble Trumbull, they may trouble somebody else.' So I struck them out."

Bushnell was as great in his child-like openness of mind as in the giant grasp of his mighty intellect. He could be always teaching. He would be always learning, —from his pupils as from his peers. And in such ways he was alike winsome and potent, while he scattered seed-thoughts broadcast, and as he gave them out by handfuls to young planters or older ones.

I have already spoken of Dr. Bushnell's loving desire and persistent endeavor to lead me out from the bondage of dead literalism, in which I was bound, into the larger liberty of God's truth as beyond human expression. In this was his greatest work for me, as for many others. But

he did his work for me in little things as in larger, and he was lovingly doing or endeavoring to do all the time. When the Civil War was over, and I returned from the army chaplaincy, Dr. Bushnell seemed to have set his mind on having me in the pastorate in some place where I could do an important work for Christ and for souls. In several instances he came to me with invitations from prominent churches, east and west, which would have been tempting had I felt I had a right to accept them. Of course, it was his potent words with those churches that had secured these invitations, and it was his loving and generous opinion of me that had made him speak those words; but at the time I had the invitation as pressed by him to consider seriously.

Besides being in doubt as to whether I should be able, at the best, to fill such a place and do such a work as his generous estimate had secured an invitation to, I had another and a better reason for declin-

ing it. I felt that God had called me to the Sunday-school work, and in that I must remain until he called me to leave it. The question was not what my friends, or what I, thought was best, but what God knew to be the place where he would have me. As the years passed on, however, Dr. Bushnell came to value more highly the Sunday-school and its work in comparison with other agencies in God's kingdom. When, at my urgent request, he consented to preach a sermon at the opening of a Sunday-school convention for which I was responsible, he gave evidence of this, and caused others to feel it. That sermon was entitled, "God's Thoughts Fit Bread for Children." It is included in his published works, and some of its precious utterances are worthy of being read and pondered by preachers and teachers who have not yet come up to its high standard and high plane.

Meeting me one day, not long before his death, Dr. Bushnell said heartily:

"Trumbull, you knew better than I did where the Lord wanted you. I honestly thought the pulpit was a bigger place for you, and I tried to get you into it. But now I've come to see that the work you are doing is the greatest work in the world." And after a moment's pause he added, "Sometimes I think it's the *only* work there is in the world."

Because he was so great a man, Dr. Bushnell's mind was wide open to the last. He was ever growing and gaining; as ready to learn as to teach, to get as to give.

My first bit of independent exegesis was when I had had the stimulus and inspiration of his grand teaching and of his kind interest in me for a score of years. I had been led to a careful study of the Third Commandment, and had finally written on the theme. Walking with Dr. Bushnell, I told him of my conclusions on the subject, and gave him the substance of the proofs confirming my views. I emphasized the

truth that to "*take* . . . in vain" the name of Jehovah as our God was not to speak or write it profanely, but was to claim a right to uplift or bear it without doing this in sincerity and reverence. Dr. Bushnell listened, as always, with open ears and mind, ever ready to rejoice in a fresh or enlarged view of God's truth. As with enthusiasm I emphasized the truth as I had arrived at it, he responded sympathetically and with heartiness, taking in the idea in all its magnitude:

"I see, Trumbull, I see. So that commandment is not against mere *profanity*, as we ordinarily understand it, but it is against *hypocrisy*, which is a great deal worse. Being insincere or hypocritical is a vast deal more than merely saying words that we ought not to."

As Dr. Bushnell said these words, we came to the corner of Main and Asylum Streets, in Hartford, where we must part, he to go to his room, and I to mine. He reached out his arm at its full sweep, grasp-

ing my hand, as we separated, and said with emphasis, as he was always ready to where any added light on God's truth was brought to him:

"Trumbull, you've given me a great truth, and I thank you."

Those were the last words that I ever heard him speak; but the influence and the inspiration of this greatest of all my teachers abides with me fresh and forceful still. Not only was he ever teaching, but, like all great teachers, his mind was ever open to receive fresh truth from even the least of his pupils. He not only had wonderful power in teaching the great and the small, but he had equally wonderful power of learning from those of every grade. What a man he was!

HIS WAY OF SEEING AND SAYING THINGS

There was peculiar force in Bushnell's already quoted remark about himself and his way of seeing things, "I just look at truth from another corner of the room."

Bushnell could not use commonplaces, for he neither thought nor spoke like common men. There was a refreshing originality in all that he said, and in his way of saying it. Yet there was no striving after originality on his part; he simply was original, and all who were with him realized this.

When he sat with his brother clergymen of different denominations in the Monday morning Ministers' Meeting in Hartford, as some topic of special interest was under discussion, often a single sentence from him would clear the mental atmosphere, and at once give all a sense of the real issue. On one occasion the spiritual condition of childhood was under consideration, and feeling waxed warm over theological dogmas involved. Those who felt that "regeneration" was essential to salvation, and that a child must be of sufficient age to experience the needed "change of heart," had expressed their views in terms that left no doubt as to the demands of true "orthodoxy." When it came Dr.

Bushnell's turn, he simply said, with that peculiar twang of his, as he threw back his head:

"I don't see what right we've got to say that a child can't be born again before he's born the first time."

All then realized what Bushnell thought about it, and what they had thought—or not thought.

At another time, the practical question came up as to welcoming a special evangelist in Hartford, with the co-operation of the city pastors generally. Some had favored this matter, and others had spoken slightingly of "revivals" and their influence in the community. Dr. Bushnell pithily put the case when he said:

"However we may differ about the desirableness of 'revivals,' we can certainly agree that we all need *reviving*."

That was looking from another corner.

Speaking about the power of a preacher as bringing God's message to men, he said that many times a preacher stands in the

way of the message he is set to bring, giving his hearers too much of himself, and not letting God be heard.

"God wants his messenger to be, as it were, an empty tube, for God to speak through to his hearers."

Dr. Bushnell always gave advice in a novel way, and in a way suited to the person's peculiar need. It was "a prescription, not a lecture on medicine." To a young clergyman who was inclined to give himself wholly to personal work for individuals, to the neglect of mental training, he said:

"You need to take more interest in subjects, and not be all the time absorbed in persons."

Yet just about that time Dr. Bushnell said to another, who seemed to lack personal interest in his fellows, and to care for nothing so much as what he counted great themes:

"You need to take more interest in persons, and not to be all the time thinking about subjects."

In giving a public charge to a young pastor at his installation, he said:

"When you are studying, study; when you are recreating, recreate. Do one thing at a time, and what you are doing do with your might; take hold sharp, and let go sharp."

As to doubts, his word to that young preacher was:

"Don't let your doubts trouble you too much; and don't feel that you've got to resolve them all. Often the best thing you can do with your doubts is to hang them up to dry. Then, when a good time comes, you can take them down again to look at. In many cases you'll find that somehow they've settled themselves; they are no longer doubts."

Although Dr. Bushnell's views or statements of the *work* wrought by Jesus Christ were at variance with those of many in his day, no one who knew him could have doubt about his personal trust in the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. "It is not the

committing of one's thought," he said, "in assent to any proposition, but the trusting of one's being to a *Being*, there to be rested, kept, guided, molded, governed, and possessed forever." A favorite expression of his was:

"Faith always rests on a Person. Faith is that act by which one person, a sinner, commits himself to another Person, a Saviour."

It was the same in little things as in greater with Bushnell. He had his own fresh way of ordinary comment on what he saw or heard. He stopped me once at the corner of Main Street and Central Row, Hartford, and, pointing to the new building of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, he said:

"I like that building better than the Charter Oak Life building."

Just then a prominent citizen who was a little finical came along, and the Doctor said:

"I was telling Trumbull that I like that

Hartford Life building better than the Charter Oak Life."

The sneering rejoinder was:

"Gingerbread, gingerbread, both of them!"

"Yes, but I say that this is better gingerbread than that."

His judgment was according to what the thing was, and not according to what it might have been. He was keener to see attractions than defects in persons or things. At one time a person spoke sneeringly of a clergyman with whom the personal element had exceptional weight,— who was inclined to tell of his interviews with others, and to emphasize the importance and worth of those of whom he spoke.

"I don't like Dr. Blank," it was said; "he's so egotistical."

"Oh!" said Dr. Bushnell kindly, "Blank isn't any more egotistical about himself than he is about everybody else."

And that was a fair measure of the man,

and a fine illustration of the spirit of good Dr. Bushnell.

Dr. Joel Hawes was the patriarch of the Hartford ministry. There was a quaintness of appearance and deportment on his part of which all felt the influence. One of his little peculiarities was his manner of walking with, or seemingly away from, Mrs. Hawes, as they came to or from church or any other place. He walked off with long strides, and she followed with short, quick steps, at a little distance after him, as if hopelessly trying to overtake him. When Dr. Hawes died, Mrs. Hawes was too sick to attend his funeral, and a few days later she died. The entire Hartford community mourned their loss.

At the Ministers' Meeting, Dr. Bushnell voiced the feelings of all when he said:

"Though we have many instructors in Christ, yet have we not many fathers."

Then, paying a beautiful tribute to Dr. Hawes as the patriarch of the Hartford clergy, he pictured his lifetime helper in

his ministerial work up to the very last, with one of those strokes of genius, as he said:

"She even followed him so closely in his heavenward path that she seemed almost to overtake him in his flight."

How Dr. Bushnell was himself looked up to in love and reverence by the younger ministers of his city and day, cannot be better indicated than in the mention of his last sermon, read before the Hartford Central Association, as made by good Dr. Parker in a historical sketch of that association.

"At a meeting in the South Church, one of the last that Dr. Bushnell attended, he began to fulfil an appointment by saying, 'Brethren, I am going to read what is probably my last sermon,' and then announced his subject: 'Our Relations to Christ in the Future Life.' We listened with eager, tender attention. When he finished there was a long silence. No one

cared or dared to speak. At length the Doctor said, 'Come, Burton, tell us what you think of it.' Dr. Burton hesitatingly said, 'Dr. Bushnell tells us that this is his last sermon.' He got no farther, but bowed his head and wept. And we all wept together. Then we knew how we loved him, and how he loved us, and what an irreparable loss his departure would be for us. The dear old Doctor, calmest of all, his deep eyes full of tears, his wan face radiant, looked on as with heavenly grace and benediction."

A WORLD-WIDE SOWER OF SEED-THOUGHTS

Horace Bushnell was unmistakably one of the intellectual forces of the nineteenth century. Like Coleridge and Maurice and Carlyle and Emerson, he has left his impress on the thought of not only his countrymen but his race. Like them also his power was evidenced in the inspiring suggestiveness of his utterances, rather than in any formal system of thought or recognized

school of thinkers constructed or led by him. Men have felt his influence who know little about his personality. That influence has indeed been most widely extended through the labors of men who would freely acknowledge their intellectual indebtedness to him, yet who are popularly credited with being pioneers in lines of thought where they followed him.

Years ago, I spent a Sunday in the home of Dr. J. L. M. Curry in Richmond, Virginia, the distinguished scholar and preacher in the South, whose far-reaching influence and power were well known and felt in our country and abroad. As I sat with him in his study, I noticed on his table a volume of Bushnell's "Sermons for the New Life." As I spoke of this book and its author, my host laid his hand on the volume, and said earnestly, "I have got more sermons out of that book than out of any other in the world except the Bible." Then, as indicating the true nature of Dr. Bushnell's influence, he added, "And yet I

don't believe that Dr. Bushnell would recognize one of those sermons as from him. It's the marvelous suggestiveness of his thought which gives his sermons their chief value."

The fact that this eminent man was counted at the very opposite pole from Dr. Bushnell in religious views, in political opinions, in theories of society, and in methods of work, made this admission all the more remarkable. At the same time it was an illustration of the patent fact that one who read Bushnell at all would have his mind preternaturally quickened, whether he agreed with him or disagreed. When I told Dr. Bushnell of this incident, he responded pleasantly, "Well, that's the best kind of a compliment. It's good to set men at writing sermons that you wouldn't think you had had anything to do with."

Some years later, when I was with Professor Drummond at Northfield, at the time he gave, at the Students' Conference, his now famous address on "The Greatest

Thing in the World," I happened to mention something that Dr. Bushnell said to me on a subject just then under discussion. At once Drummond turned to me with a start, and said with intensity, "Did *you* know Bushnell personally, Trumbull?"— as if he could hardly credit it. When I told him that I lived near him for years, and was very much with him, Drummond drew his arm through mine, and turned from the crowd about us toward the country road beyond, saying, "Come, let us walk together, while you tell me about Bushnell."

As we talked, he listened and questioned by turns with deepest interest. "Bushnell did so much for me," he said. "He was a discovery, when I first read him. He started me on lines of entirely new thought. I shall always be grateful to him." One might readily perceive, in the light of these statements, that the very title of Dr. Bushnell's greatest work, "Nature and the Supernatural as Constituting together the

One System of God," might even have suggested the central thought of Drummond's best known volume, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," even though the two books are no more alike, nor in the same line of thought, than were the sermons of the southern divine and the sermons of Bushnell which prompted to their writing.

During all the later years of my life in Hartford, I found that invariably when an Englishman with whom I had corresponded, or who brought a letter to me from some acquaintance abroad, visited our city, he was more desirous of seeing or learning about Horace Bushnell than about anything else for which the city was famous. The Charter Oak, the new State House, and the old Puritan burial-ground, were as nothing in comparison with the living great thinker. I was prepared, therefore, to feel the force of the expression of Dr. Reuen Thomas, when he, while still a transatlantic clergyman, wrote that his

chief desire in the thought of visiting America was that he could see "Niagara and Horace Bushnell." Dr. Thomas afterwards said, in explanation of this, "I came to America from a country where it was a very rare thing indeed to meet with a minister of any standing among Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Baptists, who was not thoroughly familiar with Bushnell's writings." "The tenth chapter of Bushnell's 'Nature and the Supernatural,' entitled, 'The Character of Jesus Forbids his Possible Classification among Men,' did more to prevent our theological students and thinking laymen in England from moving in the rationalistic direction than any other volume or score of volumes."

A distinctive characteristic of Bushnell's more notable sermons was that the very text and title carried, in many an instance, the main force of the sermon as a whole, so that the body of the sermon did hardly more than to enforce and apply the truth of the announced theme. Often the text

and title by themselves would suggest and impress a lesson on a thoughtful mind, even though the sermon itself were not read. Thus, for example: "Take therefore the talent from him" (Matt. 25 : 28), "The Capacity for Religion Extirpated by Disuse;" "I girded thee, though thou hast not known me" (Isa. 45 : 5), "Every Man's Life a Plan of God;" "Give ye them to eat" (Luke 9 : 13), "Duty not Measured by our Own Ability;" "And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us" (1 John 4 : 16), "Loving God is but Letting God Love Us;" "Give us this day our daily bread" (Matt. 6 : 11), "Routine Observance Indispensable." The announcement of such a text and topic virtually carried with it a copyright. No one afterwards could use these together without being suspected of being a plagiarist, or at least being supposed to use unfairly the labors of another.

There was a remarkable illustration of this in connection with his famous sermon

on "Unconscious Influence." That, indeed, was an idiosyncratic sermon. Its very title first gave popular currency to the phrase "unconscious influence," now so familiar in our language. Its text, "Then went in also that other disciple" (John 20 : 8), gained a fresh meaning in the sacred record from this application of it. Its idea was: John had reached the tomb of Jesus first, but he stopped at the entrance hesitatingly. Peter, coming after, pushed in with characteristic impulsiveness; then John followed. Peter had no purpose of leading John; John had no thought of being led by Peter. It was a case of unconscious influence. Thus constantly, in life, Peters are leading Johns, Johns are following Peters, all unconsciously. Our unconscious influence is more potent than our conscious, and we are more directly responsible for it, for it grows out of our personal character.

This sermon was published in Bushnell's "Sermons for the New Life," his first vol-

ume of sermons, in 1858, and was soon widely known throughout the country. Some time after, Stopford Brooke's "Life and Letters of Frederic W. Robertson" appeared in England and America. In that was a letter from Robertson, saying that he intended to write a sermon on "Unconscious Influence" from the text "Then went in also that other disciple" (John 20 : 8). The points of it suggested by Robertson were quite in the line of Bushnell's. American admirers of the latter pointed to this as a manifest case of plagiarism.

Robertson's friends sneered at this idea, and at first said that he probably never heard of Bushnell. Bushnell's friends pointed out a mention of Bushnell by Robertson in a letter giving his estimate of him. Thereupon Robertson's friends retorted that Robertson's letter on this subject was dated a dozen years before Bushnell's volume of sermons was issued. At this point, Dr. Bushnell, being appealed

to, said that he had preached that sermon in England prior to its first mention by Robertson, and that it was not only reported in the daily press, but that, by request of its English hearers, it was published there in pamphlet form soon after it was delivered.

These facts were given me at the time by Dr. Bushnell, and I ventured to ask him, "Do you think, Doctor, that Robertson really intended to plagiarize?"

"No, no," said the Doctor; "Robertson was too much of a man for that. He didn't need to do such a thing. There was no temptation to him to appropriate another man's ideas in that way."

"How, then, do you account for all this?"

"I suppose that Robertson read a report of that sermon in the newspaper, one morning soon after I preached it, and he liked the plan; but then it practically went out of his mind. Later its ideas came back to him in such a way that he thought he was originating them, when he was

unconsciously recalling them from his memory."

This incident certainly shows that men of strong, fresh thought, who were themselves leaders of their fellows, as well as less prominent men, were consciously or unconsciously influenced by the thoughts and personality of Horace Bushnell.

WINNING HIS CHILD HEARERS

Even though Dr. Bushnell could not be said to use simple words as a preacher, he could interest children in his preaching. It may have been his earnestness and sincerity in pressing the theme of his discourse, his desire to make himself understood, coupled with his intense personality, that gave him a hold on young hearers. However that may be, he certainly did attract children, in contrast with many another preacher of his day.

I never heard him when I was a child, but I have been told by those who as children did hear him, on occasions when he

exchanged with their pastor, that he was always welcomed by children as a preacher, in contrast with their pastor, even though he made no attempt to address himself directly to children. This fact as a fact is to be considered in an estimate of the man, however it is to be accounted for.

An interesting incident in this line was given me but recently as a reminiscence of her childhood by Mrs. Whitaker, the wife of the honored Bishop of Pennsylvania. As a child her home was in New Haven, Connecticut, where she attended one of the Congregational churches of the city. She did not, as a child, particularly enjoy church-going, nor did she think of such a thing as understanding, or being interested in, her pastor's preaching. She and a little brother usually occupied themselves during sermon time in other ways than listening to their pastor.

When she was about five years old she went to Hartford, in a stage-coach, with her mother, on a visit to relatives. On

Sunday they attended the North Congregational Church, where Dr. Bushnell was pastor. He at once attracted her attention and held it through his sermon. It was a new experience for her. She had never before been interested in a sermon, but now she listened with interest.

The sermon was on obedience. As Dr. Bushnell explained obedience, and showed its duty, she thought to herself, "Well, if that is obedience, I ought to be obedient." She was quiet through the sermon, and thoughtful about it afterwards. It gave her something to think of permanently.

When the family returned to their home, her aunt said, in her hearing, to her mother, that her little daughter was a remarkably well behaved child. The mother said that she was not always so. At this the daughter thought to herself that if she could always hear such preaching as that she would always be ready to listen to the preacher.

Her experience with Dr. Bushnell helped

her when she became a teacher of children. She had learned that a child is always glad to be helped with a bright, fresh thought, and so she tried to help children in that way. She has never found a child who was not ready to be thus helped.

And this was only another illustration of Dr. Bushnell's power over great and small, because he was what he was, with his own peculiar personality.

WHY GOD GAVE ME THESE FOUR RELIGIOUS TEACHERS

How was it that I had just these four religious teachers at the time when I most needed their teaching, and when they alone could give what would most help me for my life-work in God's service? It was not a matter of my choice. I had no part in the selection of any one of them; yet no one of them could have been spared as a teacher co-working with the others, and as essential to the development of the young pupil. Did it just happen so? Was there no Purpose back of it, to be recognized and to be grateful for?

I have always felt, and I still feel, that this record is an illustration of the precious truth brought out by Dr. Bushnell in his great sermon, "Every Man's Life a Plan of God." God in his infinite love, and in his infinite goodness, chose those four teachers for me, each one in his own place,

and doing his own work as no other could have done it, and all four working together. *Why* this was, I do not understand and cannot explain; but *that* it was, I do not doubt any more than that God has given me life, and ministers to me in life.

Of the goodness of God in putting me under those teachers, and granting me the guidance and inspiration of their spirit and words and work, I have no doubt or question. Of my duty to improve and to be grateful for these incentives to and help in God's service, in behalf of those whom God loves, I have no more doubt or question. For all this good made possible let God's Name be praised!

For whatever of good has resulted to any in consequence of this, I am indeed grateful. That I have been no more faithful and efficient, in view of my rare opportunities and teachers, is my shortcoming and failure. What a God is ours! What imperfect instruments he makes use of and has loving patience with! And this is one

of the most important lessons that I learned from these my four early religious teachers.

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